MARLBOROUGH Still CONQUERS: OR, UNION hath got the Day.

A

POEM.

Upon the late VICTORY obtained

BY THE

Prince and Duke of MARLBOROUGH;

And UNION of the Two Kingdoms.

By *J. GAINAM.*

Vis Unita fortior.

Quod si quando uniantur duo populi, non amittentur Jura, sed communicabuntur, sicut Sabinorum primo, deinde Albanorum Jus in Romanos transfusum est & unafacta Respublica. Liv.

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POEM,

Upon the late VICTORY obtained

BY THE

Prince and Duke of MARLBOROUGH;

And the UNION of the Two Kingdoms.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE AUTHOR Of this Excellent POEM.

TO Thee, Triumphant Bard! an humble Swain,
Fir'd with Ambition, by thy lofty Strain,
And matchleſs Thoughts, Inimitably Great,
A Mighty Debt for Nature to repeat
Of a young early Muſe, the Off'rings bring,
Scarcely adapt ſo Lofty a Theme to ſing,
As thy Immortal Praiſe! But Wit inſpires,
And Verſe like thine, Poetic Fancy fires.
Of thy vaſt Theme none e'er could reach the height,
Soaring like *Pegaſus* from Mortals Sight!
In Paltry Rhimes let Frantick Poets raiſe
Their Tuneleſs Voice, and ſing in Doggrel Plays;
Whilſt thou, above the Common Reach of Sence,
Dar'ſt ſing of *ANNE*, and *UNION*'s Excellence,
And *Marlbro*'s Victory, by Heaven deſign'd
T' infuſe new Vigour in a Warlike Mind.

Like *Jove* the Thunder, *ANNE* the Sceptre ſways,
And makes our Years roul on in Golden Days;
A Touch from thence the Learned Senate wait
To baniſh Diſcord, *UNION* to create:
When granted, and the *Royal Aſſent* was given,
Loud Acclamations reach'd the Gates of Heaven.
Surely your Inſpiration is Divine,
Or to ſuch Raſh Attempts you'd ne'er incline!
But whilſt the Hero Conquers on the Plain,
Thy keener Darts has lurking Envy ſlain,
And at our Monarch's Feet, her Trembling Foes haſt (lain.

Thus, as a Hero, and a Poet too,
Thy humble Servant gives thee Praiſes due.

W. B.

MARLBOROUGH

Still CONQUERS:

OR,

UNION hath got the Day.

LOlling upon the Ground, as Stragglers do,
Whose Pocket's thin, and thinner was my Shoe,
My Sole uneasie, but my Upper-Leather
Cou'd not preserve me from the Change of Weather.
A little Mole-hill was my Feather'd Pillow,
Stuff'd with the Leaves dropp'd from a Shady Willow,
'Beneath whose Boughs I took a gentle Nap,
When I foresaw what had, again might hap:
Nothing was new; Virtue *and* Vice *the same,*
One known by Practice, *t'other but by* Name:
That all the mighty Puzzle of the Town
About Religion, *was to pull it down.*

PART I.

ZEAL always looks a-ſquint, tho' now and then
Throws off that Mask, but puts it on agen:
For he that makes the greateſt Noiſe of Church,
Was ever firſt to leave her in the Lurch.
The *Pagan* Prieſts had long agoe the Cant;
Their *Temples* were profan'd when they did want,
Tho' they deceiv'd their Gods and People too,
Who liv'd upon the Sacrifice they ſlew
As *Baal*'s Right, who only was the Tool
To glut the Carcaſs of ſome Pious Fool,
Pamper'd with Eaſe, with Luxury and Pride,
Alike his God and People did beſtride.
Intemp'rate Zeal had hurried them ſo far,
They wou'd be Judges both of Peace and War:
The Gods muſt be conſulted, was the Cry;
But Int'reſt gave the Anſwer by the Bye.
Their Arrogance wou'd ſoon prognoſticate
The Peoples Freedom, or their Monarch's Fate,
As they did love the one, or other hate.
No ſooner did the promis'd Saviour come,
But *Baal* and his Prophets ſoon were dumb;
The Angelick Choir heraldiz'd his Fame,
And Satan was oblig'd to own his Name,
Tho' ever tortur'd by it in a Flame.
In Love and Peace, and ev'ry thing that's good,
Hiis Church he ſettled by his precious Blood;

Which grew ſo faſt, until it grew ſo great,
Religion did agen become a Cheat.
Pardons by Popes were ſold as faſt at *Rome*,
As *Baal*'s Prieſt's Indulgencies had done;
And none need doubt of Heaven but the Poor,
For *Peter*'s-Pence wou'd Heaven it ſelf enſure.
Thus he that had a Mind to ſet up Sin,
Had only need of Money to begin.
But Chriſt with Pity ſeeing in Diſtreſs
His lov'd *Britannia*, whom he thought to bleſs,
Rouz'd up his *Harry*, and his good Queen *Beſs*:
She pluck'd up Root and Branch o'th' Weaſer'd God,
And knock'd down Schiſm by her Aweful Nod.
Yet in Extreams all Vices ever run;
Before one's conquer'd, another was begun:
So hard it is to keep an even Scale
Between a *Romiſh* Biggot, and *Phanatick* Zeal.
Pop'ry in another Name did ſtill ferment,
As with Extreams Men only were content:
The *People* one another Idolize,
And Pious *Charles* muſt be their Sacrifice;
The *Church*'s Pillar, and *Britannia*'s Crown,
Did Victims fall, when that the People frown,
Who ſtill proceeded by a Legal Shew,
As God would be appeaſed by the Blow.
Not only *Cæſar*, but the mighty *Jove*,
Muſt loſe their Right, when that the Rabble rove:
All Power was inherent in the People,
To which each Knave did eaſie come Diſciple;
And *NOL* did ſwagger in the Royal Seat,
Who Conquer'd ſome by Sword, but more by Cheat.

After a Cloudy Storm the Sun doth rear
With greater Luſtre, ſo did *CHARLES* appear;
Bright in his Mind, and in his Preſence great,
But yet each Fogg he cou'd not diſſipate.
Unhappy *JAMES* his Brother did ſucceed;
JAMES, who too early taſted of the Weed:
For *Schiſm* is but *Popery*'s rank Seed:
Religion then was practis'd a Pretence,
To baffle *Virtue*, or conceal Offence:
Sin, and our Habits both were new from *France*;
With their perfections one might ſoon advance.
To be a Man of *mode*, was to be Vicious,
Or he was counted meerly Superſtitious.
Egypt did never bear a greater Toil
With Catterpillars that conſum'd her Soil,
Than *Britain*, peſter'd with Infectious Prieſts,
Who tainted ev'ry Sweet, to greaſe their Fiſts.
Cockſure, the Gameſters did preſume the Prize
Was theirs, when that the Gown did temporize;
But, to their Grief, Experience made them turn
Their Doctrine for Religion, and not burn:
Paſſive-Obedience was much talked of,
Which to the Serious always ſeem'd a Scoff:
For he that vainly will deny his Reaſon,
Will ne'er be hang'd, a Man may ſwear for Treaſon.
Sin was the Bait by which they drew them in;
For *Rome* did never want a Stock of Sin,
Nor *Toleration* to the Libertine,
Which ſoon threw off the Mask, and did appear
Taudrily bare-fac'd, without Shame, or Fear:

For *Schism*'s Fruitful Womb doth propagate
Wretches, whose Lives are ever profligate;
Whose *Consciences* be'ng tender how to Sin,
At First had *Toleration* to begin.

The Mighty *NASSAW* row'd against the Tide,
And when he thought he had 'em on his Side,
Was baffled by his Friends, who still o'ercome
Dangers Abroad, but conquer'd then at Home.
Unnatural Brood! No more can be at Rest,
Empty or full, unless they are oppress't,
Than *Tygers*, fetter'd in a narrow Pen,
Let loose, forbear their Cruelties agen.
Vice is inherent, tho' the *People* die,
Old *Venom* is engend'red in the *Fry*.

But Glorious *ANNA* now adorns the Throne,
By whose *Ascension* thwarting *Discord*'s gone;
On *NASSAW*'s *Basis* she pursues the Work,
At which the *Toads* do spit, but cannot hurt.
Religion now's no more that vain Pretence,
Fondly to give Occasion of Offence:
No *Party* swaggers; *Every One*'s secure;
ANNE only holds the Sceptre to the *Poor*,
And UNION in Her Glory keeps the Door.

MY Pocket low, (How of the Poet's Case?)
I turn'd the Hackney Jade, my Muse, to Grass,
And from a distant Willow did recline,
Study Heroick Verse, and where to Dine;
For thus Blind Homer *Fasting often sung,*
And for a Pot regal'd the Wond'ring Throng.

Fir'd

Fir'd with the Examples and the great Success,
In Lofty Strains I think I've done no leſs:
And as from Empty Belly of Baſs-Viol
Proceeds loud Sound and tuneful Lyal;
So I to ſing of Victory *am bent, Sir:*
Ingenii, *'tis ſaid,* eſt largitor venter.

PART II.

UNION's a Charm which captivates a *Jove,*
Who feels no greater Happineſs than *Love;*
Love! ſuch as *Angels* to their *Maker* ſhew,
And *We* to *One Another* ought to do.
Love! ſuch as *ANNA* doth to us extend
When She transforms the Paſſions of our Mind,
The Wearied Thoughts of a Revengeful Breaſt:
Since we are Happy, who wou'd be Oppreſt;
Bleſs'd with an *Union-Peace,* from *Diſcord* free,
As if Her Reign was *Peace's Jubilee.*
ANNE's Arms no ſooner *ſee;* but *overcome!*
Her *Council* hath done more with us at Home;
Nipt in the Bud *Occaſional Pretence,*
That Sugar-Plum to palliate Offence.
As tender Babes that muſt be reard by Hand,
So She doth dandle thoſe She doth command;
Wins them that are ſo unhappy to diſſent,
Not by Her Power, but their own Conſent.
As *Charity* her Arms doth open lay,
To pity *Prodigals* that run aſtray;
So *ANNE* by *Love,* at once, hath conquer'd more
Than all our *Penal-Statutes* did before.

No

No more will *Britains* ſpill their Manly Blood,
Like Cocks o'th' *Game* to Evidence they're good;
And let the *Dung-hill* crow when they are dead,
Who ſcarce before durſt ſhew his Coward's Head.
No more ſhall Subjects Tyrants Power fear,
Since *Britain* gives to *Europe* Peace or War,
And *ANNA* takes th'Oppreſſed to Her Care.
See how the *Graces* do adorn *ANNE*'s Throne!
Beneath Her Feet lies *Peace* and *Plenty* down,
And *Union* ſits in Trium on Her Crown.
Behold *Victoria* on her bended Knees
Preſents new Laurels budding from the Trees;
And *Sion*, deckt with Gravity and Grace,
Throws off that *Maſk* which did obſcure her Face.
See *Flora* ſtrewing Palm-Leaves in Her way,
And *Union* dreſs'd with all the Sweets of *May*:
This doth conſolidate firm *Peace* at Home,
And that pulls down the Tyranny of *Rome*.
Then *Moderation* points at what ſh'ath done;
Fix'd *Love* and *Peace*, news Diadems in the Crown.
Envy (acroſs) ſtands ſnarling at the Sight,
As Doggs do at the Moon they cannot bite:
The more ſhe looks, the more her dire Intent;
Reflects new Horror that ſhe cannot vent
'Till, *Haman*-like, ſhe dies upon that Tree
She rear'd aloft to hang up *Mordecai*.
Factions, like Clouds 'fore *Sol*, do diſappear
When Glorious *ANNE* ſhines in the Hemiſphere;
And Tyrants proſtrate in Confuſion find
Her Arms Victorious, as Her Steady Mind.

When

When She commands, Great *Marlborough* doth obey;
As Thunderbolds from *Jove*, kills all in's Way.
The *Cæsars* fought to be Tyrannick Great;
But *Churchil* fights to bring such to their Fate,
And mak each Nation Happy in her State.
Unmov'd in Battle the Brave General stands,
As *Fortune* Vassal were to his Command.

Blenheim first taught the *French* to run away,
And yield their Daring *Tallard* as a Prey
To him that only wou'd, and cou'd, have won the Day.

The *Britains* finding that they are the same
They were, when *Bards* did eccho out their Fame,
Reviv'd their Courage, and new Dangers sought,
And wou'd the *Runaways* in Trenches fought,
Had not *D*——Politicks,
But *Hochstadt* put a Period to their Pride,
And *Marlborough* gain'd what he was once deny'd,
A Victory ———in ev'ry Part compleat,
As if he was reserv'd to make *Braitannia* Great,
Great, as before, in Nature, Strength and Blood,
And Great in *ANNE*, by being truly Good.

Asses in *Lions* Skins will ever bray,
And *Dunghils* crow when safely run away:
Lewis agen in Masquerade appears
Le Grand, until he shew'd his *Asses* Ears,
Who sacrific'd the Princes of the Blood,
To head an Army who yet never stood.
When *Marlborough*'s Trumpets eccho out for War,

The

The nimble *Frenchman* jumps away for Fear;
He teacheth them the true Step of the Dance,
And how to cut a Caper back to *France*.

Plodding *Vendoſm*, worn out with Stratagem,
Which proves as meagre as his Body's thin,
Rav'd like a Mad-man waken'd from a Dream,
And ſwore he paid for *Ghent*, tho' to his Shame.
But how the haughty *Lewis* bore the * Tale!
As Priſoners the *Dead-Warrant* in a Gpal,
Who ſee their Days are ſhortned out by Fate;
And *Juſtice* will take place, tho' it be late.

Methinks I ſee the Conquering Hero ride,
With Princes Captives by his Horſe's Side;
And Soldiers ſhouting, They more *Mercy* find
From their New *Victor*, than their *Tyrant King*.

MY Muſe thus tir'd, I put her in the Stable;
Yet ſtill to carry me ſhe is unable,
But ſaith, It is no Wonder that I fall,
Whoſe Daily Bread (*the Staff of Life*) *'s ſo ſmall.*
She ſtill purſues the Song of Halcyon *Days;*
Inſtead of Gold, *ſhe flatters me with* Bays.

PART III.

TYRANTS each Cent'ry have Ambitious grown,
And none like *Women* e'er cou'd pull 'em down.
When *Auſtria*, puff'd with *Indian* Wealth did ſeek
To ſwallow *Europe*, nnd bravade the *Deep*,

---

* *Still without Succeſs! Oh* Spain, *how much Blood do you coſt?* &c. *Vide* Poſt-Man, *No.* 1924.

The

The *English Heroin*, looking with Disdain
Upon the Guilded Majesty of *Spain*,
With *Spartan* Valour bravely did oppose
The Proud *Usurpers* of the *World's Repose*;
And they that Universal *Monarchy* design'd,
Were to their *Ports* by *Woman's Fleets* confin'd.
And Faithless *France*, who ne'er yet kept her Word,
But to get Time to mend a Broken Sword,
By Age, as well in Strength as Sin, grown Great,
Sees now her *Folly* when it is too late.
Maintenon may lull her Monarch in a Snare,
Bewitch his *Virtues*, and confound his *War*,
'Till *France* as prostitute as her become,
And *Sodom's* Sins bring *Sodom's* Judgments down;
While *ANNA* sits with *Virtue* in the Chair,
And *Marlb'rough* in the Orb's the Leading-Star.
ANNE Great in *Arms*, in *Councils* as Discreet;
Meek in Her *Temper*, and in *Nature* Sweet;
As She with *Virtue* meets, or with *Offence*,
So do Her *Looks*, or *Smiles*, or *Frowns* dispence.
May Her Exemplar *Government* still stand,
To teach *Successors* how the may Command;
Who hath fix'd the *Ballance* of *Power* so true,
That nought but *Tyranny* can it o'erthrow.
Monarchs won't now be canted from the *Throne*,
Nor *People* frighted when they see a *Crown*,
'Till one his *Duty*, the other his *Power* disown.
Methinks I see the *August Senate* sit,
Where *Malice* is no more o'ermask'd with *Wit*;

No Factious *Parties* jangle for Applauſe,
But all incline to carry on the Cauſe:
Each *Noble Patriot* only doth contend
Which may *do moſt* his *Country* to defend:
Religion is not made a Common Jade
For *Rogues* to mount, and *Traitors* to invade;
None can diſpute but *Sion* is moſt bleſt
When *Men* are Holy, and *People* leaſt Oppreſt.
Methinks I ſee *Great-Britain* in *ANNE*'s Reign
Diſpenſe Her Noble *Blood* thro' ev'ry *Vein*:
England her *Wealth* to *Scotland* doth impart,
Feeling her *Veins* to circ'late from her Heart;
And *Scotland* pays with *Uſury* again,
In a *brave Country*, and in *braver Men*:
Malice no longer Either can endure,
Where *ANNE*'s *Phyſician*, who can doubt the *Cure*?
All Nature ſeem'd to bleſs the Happy *Fair*,
When ſhe did change the Seaſon of the Year,
And *March* did ſmile as if it were in *June*;
The *Sabbath* too did bleſs Her to the Crown.
Wonders beyond the very Hope of Man,
Each Day produceth in her Happy Reign,
As drooping *Europe* ſhou'd by Her have Reſt,
Alone reſerv'd to make *all People* bleſt.
Her *Palace* ſeems a *Temple* of Great *Jove*,
Where ev'ry *Order* doth the other love.
No ſordid *Hatred* dare infeſt Her *Court*,
Where *Love* and *Peace* in *Union* do reſort;
There's no Diſſention, but in *Pious Zeal*,
Who ſhall do moſt to ſerve the *Commonweal*:

Her

Her *Treasure* Rich, Her *Counsellors* discreet;
Her *Subjects* Happy, and *She* truly Great,
Great in Her *Subjects Love*, which doth alone
Make *Monarchs* Great Abroad, when Good at Home.

What Predecessors with such Fervence sought,
She by Her *Wisdom* to *Perfection* brought.
Scarce we believ'd a *Work* that was so Great
Was enter'd on, before it was compleat;
An UNION! ——— *Envy* be gone,
Now we are Safe in the *Succession*.
France now may banish all her growing Hope,
And send Young P——n Pensioner to the Pope;
While at the *Altar* we shall humbly pray,
Blessings on *Her*, who sends us ev'ry Day
Unheard-of *Miracles*, before unknown,
Which cou'd be done by none but *ANNE* alone:
She scarce hath left us Room ought to require;
May *Sarah's Blessing* crown *Her Hearts Desire*.

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